

Informal Dinner Gowns



Inexpensive Dresses to Be Worn at All Dinners Which Are Not Formal

NEVER has there been a season when such a variety of materials which would make attractive and inexpensive dinner gowns was on exhibition. Most of the crepe, crepe de chine, voile, and any of the novelty goods in silk and wool make attractive gowns, which every girl who is clever could make at home for a moderate sum. Herringbone, fagot stitching, embroidery, lace and velvet ribbons and fancy buttons all trim these well.

The first gown shown here is of white wool crepe, with herringbone trimming on the skirt and blouse. It has a lace collar.

The second is of plain blue voile, with applique of cream lace. Coral beads are worn at the throat in the palest shade of pink.

The third is of crepe de chine, elaborately trimmed with lace insertion and black velvet ribbon, with tiny cut steel buttons.

The fourth is of crepe de chine, shirred and having a mousseline yoke with lace collar.

The fifth is of tan voile, with ecru lace yoke and deep cuffs.

The sixth is of wool crepe, shirred. This gown could be made at home for a mere trifle.

The seventh is of crepe de chine, with Irish lace collar and black velvet girdle.

The eighth is of pale pink voile, with applique of cream lace. Coral beads are worn at the throat in the palest shade of pink.

FOG TO CURE ALL COMPLEXION ILLS.

THERE is every prospect that in a short time American women will be rushing over to England in the winter for the "fog cure." The impression got abroad last summer that the sea fog is good for the complexion. Somebody who was supposed to know gave the fog of the island as the reason why English girls have such good complexions. A number of American girls who spent the summer where sea fogs do most abound on the other side decided to remain through winter to try their good effect. Indeed, Americans have gone quite mad on the subject.

The sea fog was also recommended as a cure for tan and freckles. Girls who were suffering from a painfully tanned skin were recommended to give up glycerine and creams and go to a place where there was a continual fog. They did, and believed the fog renovated their complexions as nothing else possibly could have done.

As an outcome of the new fad there will, in all probability, be sanitariums where fog baths, made to order, will be supplied along with all the other modern conveniences. These, of course, will be for the girls who do not want to spend all their time on the other side. They can devote a part of each day to the fog bath and give the remainder of their time over to the duties of society.

HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

But He Proved Himself an Adept at Bowling After All.

"The juvenile Afro-American mind has pretty nearly as many kinks as the wool on the Afro-American head," remarked a man just back from his vacation. "I've been spending three weeks down near Wakefield, Va., loafing, fishing and exploring the country so intimately connected with the early days of George Washington. I put in most of my afternoons fishing for rock perch, taylors and other lower Potomac inhabitants. The fishing was easy—I just yanked the old flat-bottomed skiff out to a point in the river that looked good for fishing, threw my shrimp-baited hook overboard and hauled 'em in pretty fast. No work at all connected with fishing down there, except the rowing. The first couple of days' rowing blistered my hands pretty badly, and I didn't feel very much like tackling the oars on the third day. Yet I wanted to fish, all the same. So I started for the river with the idea that I might be able to pick up some darky whom I could engage to pull the skiff.

"The only individual of color that I met on my way to the river was an extremely diminutive and very black boy, not much bigger than a pickaninny, who was throwing rocks at a vacated bird's nest in a roadside tree. 'Want to go fishing, son?' I said to the boy.

"'Yesuh,' he replied, without any hesitation.

"Come along, then," said I, and he trudged along with me to the river's brink.

"I didn't think to ask him until we'd reached the skiff whether he could row or not.

"Can you row, boy?" I asked him, as he followed me into the boat.

"He looked at me in a puzzled kind of way, and it was about half a minute before he replied.

"No, sah," he said then.

"I was disappointed, of course, but I didn't want to turn the little chap away after his anticipations of a fishing trip had been aroused, and I concluded that he'd keep me from getting lonesome out on the water, anyway.

"So I picked up the oars myself, pulled out to the point, near some fishermen's stakes, where I had fished the day before, and started in to fish. They didn't appear to bite very well, and I kept right on rowing from spot to spot for the greater part of the afternoon.

"Finally, when my arms ached pretty badly and my palms felt as if they had had holes burnt into them with sulphuric acid, I made a spot where the fish just fell over themselves in their efforts to grab my hook first. I corralled dozens of fine, nifty rock fish. When the sun started to go down I said to the black boy, who was successfully fishing himself up at the bow of the skiff: 'One more and then enough for the day.'

"I caught 'one more,' got him off my hook, pulled up the piece of scrap iron that served for an anchor, and was about to take the oar seat to pull for shore, when I felt the skiff moving. I looked around, and there was that diminutive black boy seated in the oar seat and pulling the boat like a veteran—and I had been increasing the size of those hand blisters by rowing all the afternoon.

"'Look here, boy,' said I, sternly, to the little darky. 'I thought you told me before we started out that you couldn't row?'

"'He looked at me with vast amusement.

"'No, sah, Ah didn't mean that, sah,' he said. 'Ah thought yo' all meant could Ah roah—roah lak ah hon!'

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Fashion Hints Which Come From the Parisian Boulevards

PARISIENNES have adopted the narrow leather English belt to be worn with their shooting costumes. The width is a matter of vital importance to them. The belt must have exactly so many centimetres at the center, so many at the sides and must decrease to the width of a finger in front. It must be made by their saddler, or they are satisfied it will not be correct. Nothing but black leather with a solid gold buckle, very simple and neat, is now worn with smartly cut tweed suits.

There are some new ideas in ribbons. Bright and satiny surfaces are most in favor. The wide ribbons for trimming have a silk beaver finish. One of the smartest of these is a bright green spot with blue. A white ribbon showered with graduated black spots has a pattern of dark blue spots of varying sizes. Ribbon having a design of scarlet poppies is effective. An entirely new idea is the embroidered cloth ribbons in narrow widths. These are playing an important part on the gowns of the moment. For example, a black ribbon has a design of forget-me-nots. These are also seen in the Oriental colors.

The lace petticoat is much in evidence, particularly for wear with tea gowns. It may be built of flounces on a silk slip, or may be entirely of lace. The lace need not necessarily be of extravagant quality, choice being largely guided by tint and softness. There is an applique net, a plagiarism on Brussels net, sold in deep flounce widths, that answers the purpose particularly well.

Silver embroidery on a white satin bridal gown is the latest fancy of fashion. Old Honton lace is being used for bridal dresses and veils. Children acting as bridesmaids often wear Dutch caps. The effect is picturesque. Linen lace is considered a fitting trimming for a wedding gown, and entire trains of lace are fashioned with the satin gown. Bridesmaids' dresses of mousseline de sole over silk are made with Marie Antoinette flous and elbow sleeves; and white cloth gowns with white hats are considered the right thing for going away dresses. Chinese crepe makes a beautiful wedding gown, especially if cut in the empire style.

Stuffed heads as an ornamentation on muffs have gone out. This year tassels and tails are the proper thing. The

muffs are full, flat and square. They look for all the world like foot warmers for the carriage, but they have the redeeming feature of being comfortable.

An unusually pretty breakfast jacket is made of pale mauve nun's veiling, bordered throughout with deep hem-stitched frills of soft white wash silk. The jacket is cut with long ends in front, and barely reaches to the waist at the back. It is finished with a deep sailor collar, edged with a hemstitched frill.

Perhaps the most noticeable thing in outdoor costumes is the coat with very long basques. It really forms a tunic, under which a plain skirt with a shaped or a pleated flounce is usual. The coat is longer than the regulation three-quarter length affair. Well cut, it suits both the tall and the short woman.

The tweed costume, so popular for outdoor wear, is invariably made with three narrow flounces that have very little fullness and are bound with velvet. With these skirts the Russian blouse in the same material is worn, either pleated in wide, flat pleats from a small, square yoke, or perfectly plain, slightly gathered into the waistband.

The novel feature in these outdoor blouses is that they are all made with a waistcoat. It may be of any plain material, cloth, velvet or silk, either embroidered or plain, as fancy dictates. But invariably light colored, as a relief to the sombre tweed of the costume. Buttons of all sizes trim both coat and bodices, and once more fabulous prices are being paid for the large colored enamelled specimens.

A new twin brooch for securing lace ties and jabots consists of two beautifully moulded swallows in plain gold, holding in their beaks two elegant small gold chains looped together and set with turquoises.

Something original in the way of a muff chain is of fine gold, spaced at intervals with small gold monkeys, each monkey clasping a pearl in his hand. As the chain is worn these monkeys have the appearance of climbing up the chain one over the other in a fashion which is realistic and amusing.

Did Next Best.

(Tribune.)

Elderly Lady—Agent you ashamed to be seen smoking cigarettes, little boy?

Little Boy—Sure I am, but wot's a teller to do when he ain't got the price of a cigar.

BAD MANNERS ARE DUE TO INDIFFERENCE.

SOMEBODY has discovered that the decadence in modern manners does not necessarily denote our increased brutality or absolute indifference to the feelings and needs of other people. It is balm to the soul to be assured of this fact.

We have admitted to ourselves for some time past that our manners have not the repose which should mark the caste of Vere de Vere, and that we are indeed frankly discourteous to each other. We also know that many men are no longer particular how they act or what they say in the presence of women, and do not even observe the small courtesies of life where members of the opposite sex are concerned. Men no longer hesitate to push her aside in a crowd, or to smoke in her face unapologetically, as if that were their natural right. We certainly are less polished and ceremonious than were our forbears.

Facing this fact, it is pleasing to be assured that this change is not due to selfishness, but is simply the expression of our desire to be honest, to avoid shams. Therefore, if we sometimes overstep the limit and cultivate unpleasant freedom of speech and action, manifest unrestrained rudeness, we are to be excused on the ground of our excessive frankness and honesty.

PLAYHOUSE STORIES.

Bits of Realism Not on the Program.

(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

"In a popular restaurant one night last week, while a few gentlemen were enjoying an after-theatre supper," said an old-time play-goer, "one of the party referred to the interest manifested by a small boy in the audience at the performance of the 'Mizzenmast' when Jim Radburn was looking for Travers, the train robber, the youngster called out for the guidance of the Erie county sheriff: 'He's in that wardrobe.' This led to the relation of stories of the kind suggested by the little incident, showing how completely play-goers will sometimes forget their surroundings. One gentleman related the following: 'In a fashionable theatre in one of the cities on the northern border, Eileen was playing the 'Guns of the South' to a rather small audience. When the husband, who, it will be remembered, was very much of a man of the world, said to his loving young rustic wife, 'If there is anything that can make a woman ridiculous in the eyes of the world and contemptible in the eyes of her husband it is jealousy, baseness, jealousy.' A faultlessly dressed middle-aged man broke out with an earnest 'He's in that wardrobe' which was distinctly heard all over the half-empty theatre. It is needless to add that it was some time before the uproarious laughter

Bad Language in Public, and Summer Vacations Censured

LONDON is in the throes of an agitation against two features of modern city life which no one over there has thought it worth while to attack heretofore. One is the use of bad language in public places, the other the custom of taking an annual vacation. The objection to the latter was raised in the first place by the staid old London Lancet, which medical journal is so venerated by physicians and the public generally that if its editor declared he had proof of the moon being made of green cheese no one would dare to laugh.

The average man has frequently had cause to remark that no one needs a holiday so badly as he who has just had one. The Lancet undertook to explain the reason for this, and the Londoner denies the force of the reasoning. The argument is that the violent change from idleness to work, or at least from holiday-making to the usual routine of town and home life, accounts

for the feeling of illness which overtakes so many after a long vacation. The wrench is too severe. This is admitted, but the controversy that rages in London concerns the remedy.

Some argue that the annual vacation should be taken a day at a time and not all at once. Others come out bluntly and say: "Cut out the vacation entirely and you'll feel much better for it in the end, work being a far more effective tonic than rest." The howl of dismay with which the latter assertion has been received by the great army of small-salaried and over-worked employees in London may be better imagined than described.

The other agitation—that against swearing in public—began in Liverpool and was taken up by cockney reformers. A campaign has been organized and fathers and husbands are being called upon to enlist in the good cause and keep up the fight until the man with the unclean vocabulary shall have been banished from places where women and children congregate.

porters of the Amen Corner about him in a quiet corner of the Fifth Avenue hotel cafe and chat with them over a drink.

On a recent occasion of this kind the governor and his old chum, Captain Joe Dickey, both of whom had a bank note in hand, were disputing in a banterous way as to which of them should pay for the drinks that were on the way. Just then the waiter came with the tray, the glass and liquid laden tray. Right back of Governor Odell's chair he tripped, the tray slipping from his hands, and the governor was simply drenched with a shower of highballs, horses' necks, beer, etc.

"Joe," said the governor on the instant, "that round of drinks is on me. Even Captain Joe did not dare to dispute that assertion, but grabbed a napkin and wiped others in swabbing off the governor's restraint.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

(New York Press.)

The hand that cooks the meals rules the world. Even feet in the same bed with you can chill the most ardent sentiment. Half our lives we spend trying to learn what we spend the other half trying to unlearn.

When a girl who is reading a novel wets her lips it is a sign the heroine is about to meet the hero.

Usually a man begins to cut down his useless expenses by inviting someone to have a drink with him on his new resolve.

Drinks on the Governor.

(New York Times.)

When Governor Odell comes to town and finds himself with an hour's leisure, he delights to gather a few of his old personal friends among the political re-